Ger O what a raſh and bloody deede is this.

Ham A bloody deede, almoſt as bad good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'ſt to bee too buſie is ſome danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace ſit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe,
If damned cuſtome haue nor braſd it ſo,
That it be proofe and bulwark againſt ſence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'ſt wagge thy tongue
In noyſe ſo rude againſt me?

Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
Calls vertue hipocrit, takes of the Roſe
From the faire forhead of an innocent loue,
And ſets a bliſter there, makes mariage vowes
As falſe as dicers oathes, Oh ſuch a deed!
As from the body of contraction pluckes
The very ſoule: and ſweet religion makes
A rapſody of words; heauens face dooes glow
Ore this ſolidiry and compound maſſe
With heated viſage, as againſt the doome
Is thought-ſick at the act.

Quee. Ay me what act?

Ham. That roares ſo low'de and thunders in the Index,
Looke here vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was ſeated on his browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of Ioue him-ſelfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threten and command,
A ſtation like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kiſſing hill,
A combination and a forme indeede,
Where euery God did ſeeme to ſet his ſeale
To giue the world aſſurance of a man,

This was your husband, looke you
Heere is your husband like a milde
Blaſting his wholeſome brother: h
Could you on this faire mountain
And batton on this Moore; ha, ha
You cannot call it loue, for at your
The heyday in the blood is tame, i
And waites vpon the iudgement, a
Would ſtep from this to this? ſen
Els could you not haue motion, bu
Is appoplext, for madneſſe would
Nor ſene to extacie was neere ſo th
But it reſeru'd ſome quantity of ch
To ſerue in ſuch a difference. Wh
That thus hath coſond you at hodm
Eyes without feeling, feeling with
Eares without hands, or eyes, ſme
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſen
Could not ſo mope. Oh ſhame! wh
Rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a Matrons
To flaming youth, let vertue be as
And melt in her owne fire, proclai
When the compulſiue ardure giues
Since froſt it ſelfe as actiuely doth b
And reaſon pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* ſpeake no more
Thou turn'ſt my very eyes into my
And there I ſee ſuch black and gre
As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the rancke ſweat of an inceſtuou
Stewed in corruption, honying an
Ouer the naſty ſtie.

Ger. O ſpeake to mee no more
Theſe words like daggers enter in
No more ſweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer and a villain
A ſlaue that is not twentith part th

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